

find congenial to cogitation; that the Sage of Montpelier, the commander in chief of the armies of the Gulls, retired to his lolling-chair to ponder on the destinies of the nation. The declaration of war, by virtue of which the whole nation of Gulls were to pounce *unguibus et rostro* upon the unprotected heads of the *Bulls*, their lawfully appointed enemies, was in his hand. A map of British America was under his feet, blotted and defaced from carving; but accurately divided as if Ellicot had drawn the lines from celestial observation. The margins and spaces usually blank because unexplored, were copiously filled with the names of their future dignitaries, the favourites of their puissant commander. Here was a viceroy of Labrador, and there was a collector of customs on Mc Kenzie's River. A victorious general was military governor over the fragments of Quebec, while an uncouth looking colonel was plenipo. to the Dog-ribbed Indians. "Who," said the chief of the Gulls, as he